

Leave

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Category: Supernatural
Genre: Angst
Language: English
Characters: Castiel, Dean W.
Pairings: Dean W./Castiel
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-12 22:29:45
Updated: 2016-04-12 22:29:45
Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:04:17
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 666
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: "I had a dream that I killed you."

Leave

Little, old quickie

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><p>He feels the thickness of flesh as he thrusts the blade, but when he opens his eyes, it's just air. His fist is still wrapped tightly around the handle which isn't there, his fingers remember the shape by heart, for there is nothing his tar black heart knows better. Except for murder. It's a contraction of every single muscle that he just can't relax.<p>

"I had a dream that I killed you," he growls lowly to the darkness.

His hissing breath is too loud in the silence of the night, the rage is too real, completely tangible, still passing in waves through his body, like he's just slaughtered the entire ballroom of demons dressed fancy in beautiful, twisted faces. He feels Castiel's blood still dripping from the blade and onto his hand: warm, red, sweet juice.

"It was just a dream."

There's no trace of sleep in the angel's voice. He sits up behind him, one hand caressing his trembling back, the other one on his fingers still curled up unnaturally. Lethal claws of a predator ready to jump.

"But I could have."

"But you di-"

"But I could have!" he snaps, not letting him finish. "And I will," he adds with certainty and his voice doesn't even break, it doesn't remember how to break anymore.

"Dean."

Cas doesn't say _no_. He doesn't say _you won't_. All he offers him is that old, worn out _Dean_.

Castiel's fingers are on his, massaging them like it could help, and when he stops, Dean feels the pulsating blood in his wrist: warm, red and sweet. Cas's lips are there, imprinting holier marks on his knuckles and fingertips. If only his love could help, his touch, his closeness, his presence.

"Leave."

"No."

Cas is stubborn, more stubborn than the Mark; he must be. Dean doesn't see him in the darkness. He doesn't see the fire in his eyes, he doesn't see the ashes.

"You can't sleep with me."

Silence.

Dean doesn't hold on to the phantom of the blade anymore, he so desperately wants to hold on to Cas.

"Leave," he begs. "You always leave anyway."

"Not this time."

"Why?" Dean's afraid. He's so afraid that the next time the warmth will be real and the bone blade in his palm will be real and solid, like the bones in his own body. Sam has hidden it away in the steel box in the archives and Dean knows exactly where it is because it's calling out to him. They are one. It'll break out one night, it'll find his hand and twist it, drive itself straight between sleeping angel's ribs. "I'll kill you."

"No you won't," he gives him, finally, but Dean doesn't believe him. "Even if you did, it would be the Mark, not you."

"Don't you dare absolve me."

They go quiet again, Cas plays with their fingers, his own must long to intertwine just as Dean's long to tear away and to tear apart.

"Go to sleep, Dean."

"Go, Cas."

"I won't leave you."

"Get out of my bed!" Dean growls, pushing his hand away. "Find

somewhere else to sleep."

Cas gives up, at last, if it can quiet Dean's dreams and let him breathe. He gets out of bed, but his fingers reach out to the man's bare shoulder in the last offer of comfort. Dean winces and shies away as if Cas's fingers were made of ice.

"Go," he repeats, but when the angel's gone, he doesn't feel any better. He lies in the darkness for a long time yearning for that last touch, for that comfort which Cas tried to provide and he rejected.

When the angel's gone he thinks that this time it isn't Cas that left. It's him.

End
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